A WEIGHTY BOOK BY "STEPNIAK."

THE RUSSIAN PEASANTRY.

THE RUSSIAN PEASANTRY, Their Agrarian Condition, Social Life and Religion. By STEPNIAR. 12mo, pp. 401. Harper & Brothers.

This is a deeply interesting study of a subject full of strange new elements and bristling with difficulties. The author seems to think that Russia may be destined to solve those social problems which have so long been agitating the Old World, though he is compelled to recognize fundamental and radical differences between the Russian peasant and the agricultural classes of all other countries; differences of character and temperament so great that the success of no social experiment in Russia would argue even a probability of similar success elsewhere. At present the condition of the Russian peasantry is very bad. The attempts of the Czardom to reform abuses and improve the state of the people have signally failed. Emancipation has proved disastrous to the former serfs, and for the reason that in decreeing it the Czar did not dare to carry out the principle logically, but sought to placate the noble landlord class, and in se doing deprived the moujiks of the means of proper subsistence.

tionalization of land was the primitive state of Russia. Even after serfdom was established the nobility shrank from claiming possession of the soil tilled by the serfs on their own account. The serfs, while freely admitting that they themselves belonged to the nobles, always maintained that the land was a common possession, and through the institution called the mir-the Russian communepreserved the socialistic system of tenure and till-When the Government resolved to emancipate the serfs it committed the blunder of assuming that all the land occupied by the peasants belonged originally to the nobles, and in conveying land to the freed serfs for subsistence it stinted them so that they have ever since been struggling desperately to make both ends meet. As freemen the moujiks are taxpayers, and the taxes are so heavy, owing to the waste and corruption and enormous indebtedness of the Government, that usually more than half the carnings of the peasant are thus absorbed.

Under serfdom the peasant gave four days to his lord and had three for himself. This enabled him to grow enough for his subsistence. Now he has more time than land to employ it upon. He is so restricted in land that he cannot raise enough to pay his taxes and provide subsistence for his family. The result is that he is falling into the hands of the usurers, or koulaks, who are a class engendered by the situation:

has been falling. That means that the vitality of the stock is declining, and it would be a miracle if this did not happen in the circumstances. For the labors of the Russian peasant are incredibly severe and continuous. A proud and honorable people, who cannot endure failure to meet their taxes, even if such failure did not involve oppression and persecution, they work themselves to death in their efforts to pay their dues. Steppiak describes the dreadful life led by scores or hundreds of thousands who spend the winter in manufacturing and the summer in the fields. The winter work is so severe that it could not be endured but for the change to outdoor life in summer. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, even up to twenty and twenty-one hours a day, are spent in close, overcrowded factory rooms all through the cold weather. Often three hours in the twentyfour is all the time for sleep which can be snatched, and that not all together, but one hour at a time.

In the spring the poor creatures who have gone through this experience return to their farms, but not to rest. The free fresh air no doubt does much to restore them, but neither then nor at any other time, save just after harvest, do they have enough to cat, and whether in country or town they must toil continuously. The harvest work is so severe that they get visibly thin before it is over, and when the last of the erop has been carried they are utterly exhausted. The diet upon which their terrible tasks are performed, is incredibly meagre. Bread made of coarse flour, mixed with bran and hay, and meal gruel, with cabbage soup occasionally, constitute the main neurishment of as many people as inhabit these United States. Meat is rarely tasted by them. They drink weak tea when they can get it, and vodka often when they cannot afford it. But if ever intemperance was venial, it is in a country the vast majority of whose people are doomed to this hideous, crushing, hopeless existence, and for whom length of years can only bring increase of misery. Of course, it is easy to say that vodka does not help them. But the question is, does anything help them? With a Government standing over them and exacting more than 50 per cent of all they can carn; frequently taking in taxes half as much again as their land can produce; with ruin lurking at every turn, and a dozen traps set to catch them, no matter how circumspectly they proceed-the temptation to seek even momentary forgetfulness of their hard fate must be

To be a " gray moujik," that is, an independent, self-sustaining agriculturist, is the ambition of every peasant, but it is becoming every year more difficult of attainment. The moujik bears ninetenths of the national budget on his strong, patient shoulders, and in return he receives only wrongs and injuries and oppressions from the nobles, the bureaucrats and the Czar. Even now the crisis which is approaching might be avoided if the Government would listen to the petition of the moujiks and give them the additional land they need so urgently. Nor are there any material difficulties in the way of this programme. Land is plentiful in Russia. Millions upon millions of acres are unreclaimed, virgin soil. The Russian peasant is accustomed to migration. He is not attached to any particular region. He loves the rand, but abstractly, not concretely, like the French peasant. He will travel any distance cheerfully to improve his prospects. He takes naturally to pioneering. But the mass of corruption called the bureaucracy stands between the overburdened peasant and a redistribution of the land. The venal classes in whose hands the national ad-

but upon the old Russian peasants themselves. He individual interest," there would seem to be no action, from mere association. declares that thousands of them have been imof precautions some abnormally flagrant swindle the moujik has no chance aginst these, his oppressors and despoilers. There is no freedom of speech or publication; there is no justice to be had in the courts; and since the advent of Nihilism the Government has imposed upon the peasants a new burden in the shape of a rural police, which almost drives the people mad. This rural police is composed of black sheep almost wholly. The men chosen for it are disgraced small officials, drunkards, peculators, declassees generally. It would not do to have peasants-they would shield their class; or educated men-they would conspire. So the riff-raff of Russian society has been organized and let loose upon the country. The Uriadniks, as the rural police are called, are corrupt, brutal, tyrannical, and being armed with great powers, they make themselves very offensive. Stepniak cites instances of the abuses perpetrated by these ruflians which would be hardly credible were they not strongly verified. In any other country than Russia either lynch law would be resorted to for the purpose of getting rid of such wretches, or private vengeance would remove them.

Until quite recently the moujik seemed capable of enduring anything, but Stepniak says a change is coming and has already begun to show itself. Of late there have been many assassinations of particularly obnoxious officials. The uriadnik no longer feels so safe in his governmental position. The " red cock crows" oftener than ever. Private vengeance is frequently indulged. In short, the naturally sweet and even temper of the moujik is being spoiled by overwork, undernourishment, injustice and outrage. This is what was to be expected, and the observer must ask himself how long it will take to bring the Russian peasant to the mental and physical condition occupied by the French peasant a hundred years ago. Undoubtedly the advance toward that condition cheeked and retarded by the influences which the mir exhales. That venerable institution has developed so strong a social feeling in the Russian peasant that even now, after centuries of suffering, he is only at last beginning to break away from his communistic system and to tend toward the individualistic system, under which the rest of Europe lives. The mir has kept him from caring for land as the French peasant cares for it. In

that strange and until recently incomprehensible seventeenth century schism, during which a great body of the peasantry withstood the cruellest persecution and courted martyrdom, for opinions as the dispute between Swift's Little-endians and Big-endians; opinions concerning ritualistic de-

common is familiar to all. "The theory of land nationalization." Stepniak remarks, " for which an extreme faction of social reformers have to figf t so hard in Europe, is with us a conservative and not a subversive doctrine. It exists with us as a fact of universal knowledge, an ancient and traditional right, which our people have never renounced and never forgotten, only they did not know, and for the most part do not even now know, how to protect it."

He thinks that co-operative farming, already largely practised by the mirs, would be extended greatly under a reformed land system, and he asks: Why should not they in the natural course of their intellectual and economical growth pass from | Dosson in his chair in the hotel court; Delia ministration rests want all the spare land to swell their private fortunes, to bribe with, to endow their parasites with.

Stepniak tells some awful tales of the outrages committed by Russian officials, not alone upon the says "We are not European enough to successions."

sitting with empty hands and, apparently, vacant mind in the parlor above; Francie with her parasite with empty hands and, apparently, vacant mind in the parlor above; Francie with her parasite with empty hands and, apparently, vacant mind in the parlor above; Francie with her parasite with empty hands and, apparently, vacant mind in the parlor above; Francie with her parasite with empty hands and, apparently, vacant mind in the parlor above; Francie with her parasite with empty hands and, apparently, vacant mind in the parlor above; Francie with her parasites with, to endow their parasites with her parasites with to surprise over the blue ones, the color range of which lies between that of a fringed gentian and a downwilly, floating about aimlessly as figures do forcet mesort. The manufacture of these pond-lifty tints remains as yet a profound professional secret.

people of newly conquered and annexed provinces, fully imitate a progress based upon the fruition of almost needing over their slumberous talk and

interesting: the elderly father, travelling in the like manner the family scheme has familiarized him with community of property in other directions. He is now rebelling against the family system, and to a less extent against the communism of the mir. The reflection of the world-absorbing money-cult is falling upon the moujik, in fact, and he is restless and unsatisfied and becoming acquisitive and individual.

Penury and wrong have brought him to this pass, however, and not natural development. Given enough land to subsist him and pay his taxes, the probability is that he would recement his old life tranquilly. But there is no reason to expect days of the substance of an apparently thinking nothing?

Interesting: the elderly father, travelling in the train of his two self-willed grifts; Delia, the slow-inities and writers. It is true that Mr. Haggard has made the inducements as strong as possible, the beauty-cach constitutes a clever study. But the beauty-cach constitutes a clever study. But there is no less extent ngainst the community of property in other directions. He is now rebelling against the family system, and to a less extent against the community of the beauty-cach constitutes a clever study. But the family system, and to a less extent ngainst the community of the mir. The reflection of the world-absorbing the beauty-cach constitutes a clever study. But the less now related the inducements as strong as possible, the beauty-cach constitutes a clever study. But the family system, and the inducements as strong as possible, the inducements as strong as possible, the family has related the siter. It is true that Mr. Haggard thas made the inducements as strong as possible, the beauty-cach entities and writers. It is true that Mr. Haggard thas made the inducements as str

strictest confidence. Flack, of course, publishes suggest-whose veil no man has ever been able everything, and not without seasoning. The whole Desson family are then described as quite unable to understand why the French victims should rest follows logically. The trial scene is particuwhich at first appear as unimportant and frivolous | feel aggrieved, or be indignant, or make any fuss about so commonplace an episode.

which a first appear as unimposement and forwing the set in this steering of the least possible consequence. The control of the set of the least possible consequence in the set of the least possible consequence in the set of the least possible consequence in the least possible control of the least possible consequence in the least possible control of the least possible consequence in the least possible control of the least possible control As to the fair Francie, it is really necessary to

they are drawn, there is a mistiness about them the which puts them beyond intimacy, and even close acquaintance. We never get to understand them we understand the people we meet in the flesh, as we understand the people we meet in the flesh, and that is a trustworthy test of the degree of spiritual heat at which a writer strikes out his characters. There are scenes in some of the intense modern dramas in which, by mechanical arrangement of gauzy curtains, supposed dream-epiagram.

The flesh is suffed bird on the side is sort of groupy, and there's a dent near that blue bow on top, otherwise everything seems to be all right."

Oh, there comes that boy with that tin basket again." arrangement of gauzy curtains, supposed dream-episodes are presented with strong effect. Something of this dream-dimness hangs about the principal persons in "The Reverberator." They do not impress one as having red blood in their veins, but rather moonlight. Nor have they any vigor. A curious languor oppresses all of them. Mr. Dosson in his chair in the hotel court; Delia

meson why such an experiment in mational so-claims should not be made, if the epportunity occurred. Whether it could succeed is quite another question, but perhaps not a very practical one, in face of the facts — was in this volume. For whatever the communism is touchered to the research of the respect to the second through the second declares that thousands of their farms, even by forged cialism should not be made, if the epportunity ocpudently robbed of their farms, even by forged documents; that these who protested have been clapsed into prison or sent to Siberia or the Transcaucasus; that the press has been prohibited from publishing the facts when in spite of precautions some abnormally flagrant swindle of precautions some abnormally flagrant swindle of the facts of th on the part of official's came to light. Of course Stepniak's exhibits here indicate a reaction against principles to a considerable extent. The super-

in American types and combinations which have always so strong an attraction for Mr. James. In bringing the Dosson family before us he exhibits the light-handed, delicate skill now so well recognized. In George Flack, the Paris correspondent of "The Indicate skill now so well recognized in George Flack, the Paris correspondent of "The Indicate skill now so well recognized in Indicate skill now so well a state of the Indicate skill now so well a state of the Indicate skill now so well a state of the Indicate skill now so wel and more evidence of dislike to the subject. Certainly a less creditable example of a class could not have been drawn, and there is likely to be some dispute as to whether Mr. James has not fallen into caricature in this instance. The vulgar young "commercial American" who goes about brazenly seeking and chronicling scandals and telling everybody that the public demand all the news, and that the days of privacy are over, may very well figure as a symbol of all that is worst in modern journalism, but can hardly be accepted seriously as a portrait, even of the composite variety. But if George Flack is a specimen cad, what can be said of Francine Dosson, the heroine of the story? The Dossons are decidedly interesting: the elderly father, travelling in the train of his two self-willed girls: Delia, the slowtrain of his two self-willed girls: Delia, the slow- critics and writers. It is true that Mr. Haggard

Early. The result is that be in follow; into the search of to remove.

This one point either settled or evaded, all the larly well done, and the reader's sympathy is aroused for the plucky little barrister, who singlehanded faces all the great guns of the bar, and wins his suit in spite of the tremendous odds.

It is sometimes, when a liner comes along."

"What is a liner, George!"
"He's the man that draws those white lines on the ound. Look out for that foul ball there, dear!"

JOHN AND JONATHAN.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN MANNERS.

for every barefoot boy who laid down his orange-basket to salute him. In the same way, I remember,
I used to enjoy walking in the street behind the
stately figure of the late Samuel Powel, of Newport,
R. L. and seeing him salute millionaires and old
apple-women with precisely the same high-bred
couriesy. These men afforded types of the very best
American manners, a manner which extends to the
humblest those amenities that elsewhere are graduated
by the trivial distinctions of social rank alone.

A good deal of the difference between the two countries in respect to manners lies, no doubt, in the greater or less degree of sensitiveness in the national temperament. Miss Yonge, in a recent story, has an odd defence of her countrymen against the American charge of being thick-skinned. She says of one of her heroes—she or some other of the authors who wrote "Astray"—" His skin is of that saddle-leather kind which American books attribute to all Englishmen, though I think it is rare, really." But it is a thickness of the mental epidermis that American sometimes charge upon Englishmen, an objuschess which is fatal to good manners, if it leads to an habitual disregard of the feelings of all around them, as when our very guests refuse audibly, as "nasty" or "beastly," the modest food that is set before them by their host. The late James T. Fields had a favorite anecdote of an English guest at his breakfast-table, who declined sugar with his coffee. "Never take sugar unless the coffee is very, very bad, indeed, you know." Then presently, after tasting the coffee, "May I trouble you for the sugar!" Not only is this propensity seldom hidden, but it sometimes seems to count for a virtue. I remember that when the late Captain Mayne Reld was living in Newport, E. L, he was invited to dine on Christmas Day at the house of the late Governor W. It. Lawrence, the well-known writer on international law, and made some remarks

EVERY NIGHT I SCRATCHED Until the skiu was raw. Body covered with scales like spots of mortar. Cured by the Cuticura Remedies.

CUTICURA REMEDIES performed on me. About the 1st of April last I noticed some red pimples like coming out all over my body, but thought nothing of it until some time over my body, but thought nothing of it until some time later on, when it began to look like spots of mortar spotted on, and which came off in layers, accompanied with itching. I would scratch every night until I was raw, then the next I would scratch every high until the consult at the doctors in the ountry, but without aid. After giving up all hopes of recovery, I happened to see an advertisement in the newspaper about your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and purchased them from my druggist, and obtained almost immediate relief. I began to notice that the scaly cruptions gradually dropped off and disappeared one by one, and have been fully cured. I had the disease thirteen months before I began taking the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and in four or five weeks was entirely cured. My disease was eczema and psoriasis. I recommended the CUTICURA REMEDIES to all in my vicinity, and I know of a great many who have taken them, and thank me for the knowledge of them, especially mothers who have babes with scaly erup-tions on their heads and bodies. I cannot express in words the thanks to you for what the CUTICURA REMEDIES have been to me. My body was covered with scales, and I was an awful spectacle to behold. Now my skin is as nice and clear as a baby's.

A

GEO. COTEY, Merrill, Wis. September 21, 1887. September 27, 1887.

Feb. 7, 1888.—Not a trace whatsoever of the disease from which I suffered has shown itself since my cure.

GEO. COTEY.

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peculiar complacency, and said, "I give you my word of honor that I have often dined at tables in England of honor that I have often dined at tables in England where I have felt it my duty to make remarks that were much more oftensive to my host than anything it can possibly have said at Governor Lawrence's table." It can possibly have said at Governor Lawrence's table." It can possibly have said at Governor Lawrence's table." It can possibly have said at Governor Lawrence's table." It is undone is reminded of this when Mr. Froude to this us that the Haytins cry out against Sir Spencer St. John's book against them "with a degree of anger which is the surest evidence of its truth." After all, the reasoning is defective; a man may show annoyance at being called a sheep-stealer without thereby proving that he has just been released from jail.

Another result of this apparent induration of the cuticle in Englishmen is the curious coarseness of phrase which so often anneys an American. No time can ever reconcile a cis-Atlantic ear to the heartiness with which an otherwise well-bred English lady will talk frankly of "tubbing" and of "cleaning hereif." It suggests the complaint made by Lord Melbourne of certain London beauties, that they gave him

and the Englishman too stolld and agressive, and the Englishman too stolld and agressive. Wherever to goes, the American wishes to adapt himself to the habits of the country; the Englishman desires to adapt the habits of the country to himself. The American is pleased at being taken for a Frenchman, an Italian, a German; the Englishman would be vexed by such a misapprehension, were it possible. This spirit of adaptation is easily carried to excess by the American, but it tends to keep up the amenities of life. Being sensitive himself, one respects the feelings of others, and would rather forego sugar in his coffee than annoy his host. On the other hand, the absence of over-sensitiveness does much to produce that ingenuousness and frankness which constitute, after all, the attraction of the Inglish manner. The young men of the colleges and great schools seem to be the most attractive class in English cociety; they certainly carry the dew of their youth longer than our young Americans, who seem by comparison prematurely sagasfous and experienced.

It must be owned that neither Englishmen nor Americans appear at their best in foreign countries; but there is at least this difference, that whereas all sorts and conditions of Americans travel, and thereby afford to the observer a cross-section, as it were, of their whole nationality, the English travelling class is a picked body, in comparison, and should show that nation at its best. If Englishmen of the lower-middle or lower class travel, they are apt to be labelled as "Cook's tourists," and quietly excluded from the account. I can remember to have been attacked by some very pleasant Oxford and Cambridge men in Switzerland in regard to the ignorance and bad manners of an American in the diligence, and they said frankly "You would not find such a man among English travellers." "Not among Cook's tourists?" I asked. "Oh!" said one of them conclusively, "of course we did not mean them." I had some trouble to explain to them that the American "Cook's tourists" usually travelled first-class, and without being labelled, and that they were necessarily included in the general average; but that, tried by any fair comparison, the American travelling manners were, perhaps, as good as any, ill-mannered people of all nations usually show to the It must be owned that neither Englishmen nor Ameri-

particular. We must own, also, that, after all is said and done, there remains a certain quality in the English nature which one is compelled to regard with thorough admiration, a certain manifiness, a roady self-sacrifice, a sense of justice, a fibre of oak. Asking the first English soldier I saw, on my first visit to England, some questions about the service, I was told by him that he belonged to the Coldstream Guards. He was a short, sturily fellow, with the chevrons of an orderly sergent, and his cheeks and hair were almost as rable only as his uniform; yet I though he flushed a he belonged to the Coldstream Guards. He was a short, sturdy fellow, with the chevrons of an orderly sergent, and his cheeks and hair were almost as ribicand as his uniform; yet I thought he flushed a little more when I remarked that the Coldstream Guards was a famous corps, and that I had read its history. After this he lingered a while at the post-office, where I was doing an errand, and, coming up to me on my reappearance said: "I ought to have explained to you, sir, that although I belong to the Coldstream Guards, as I told you, I was not originally a member of it. I was transferred to it after the battle of the Alma, where I was wounded; and I wished to tell you that you are not to take me for a fair specimen of it. I give you my word of horor, sir, that I am the shortest man in the corps." I thought to myself "The Guard dies, but never surrenders;" and whole centuries of England's greatness were summed up for me in this single pleee of per feetly gratuitous self-sacrifice for the honor of his comrades. After all, there is a certain seriousness at the foundation of the English nature. Jouhert says, "Les Anglais sont eleves dans le respect dea choice secleuses;" and sometiming of this grave purpose lies at the foundation of what is noblest, even in manners. But even seriousness alone is not enough; and the daring Heine declared it his opinion that a blasphenning Frenchman was, on the whole, a more pleasing spectacle in the sight of Heaven than a praying Englishman. To what use, then, this great transplantation of the English race across the Atlantic, and lis mingling with more varied and more mercurial blood, if we cannot go a little beyond the trailitions of our parentage and make virtue attractive?

A CALF THAT REASONED.

From The Greenville (N. C.) Reflector. From The Greenville (N. C.) Reflector.

We learn that an amusing incident occurred at the home of Mr. S. M. Jones, near Rethel, last week. Among his cattle was a calf that seemed to possess a very great distinct to being roped at millifung time and always made quite a to do when the rope was adjusted. One morning Mrs. Jones went out to aftend the niflking and upon looking in the accustomed place for the rope falled to find it. While the search for it was going on the calf thought, perhaps, to get more than his share of the milk, but something seemed to interfere with the finbling process, and his peculiar actions attracted attenion to him. whereapon it was discovered that the calf had swallowed the rope, but